

FAIR SANTA LUCIA.

A Near Neighbor of Martinique, Which Belongs to England and is Populated by the French—Belligerent Serpents, Whose Bite is Instant Death—The Deadly Fer-de-Lance.

Special Correspondence.

Specialist Correspondence.

Castles, Santa Lucia, B. W. I., May 3.—About 30 miles from Martinique and an equal distance from Barbadoes lies the most interesting island of the whole West India archipelago, whose present peaceable possession by the British has cost literal rivers of blood during centuries of warfare. The English call it Santa Lu-see-ah, after the Spanish pronunciation, accenting the second syllable. The French, its former owner, speak of it as *Saint Leu-zee*, accenting the last syllable; while the natives themselves say *San Lo-see*, with the accent on the first syllable. It is forty miles long by a maximum breadth of twenty miles, and has a deservedly bad reputation of being one of the most unwholesome places on our side of the world. Indeed, from end to end it is one beautiful graveyard, with layer upon layer of corpses of various periods and nationalities, its excessive rank, bright green vegetation gruesomely suggestive of fertilization by human blood. When Columbus found and named this island, near the beginning of the sixteenth century, it was the most densely populated by peaceful and happy Caribs, who lived to great age and seemed to have no idea what sickness meant. But alas! As in other primitive paradises, civilization and Christianity cost unnumbered woes. The Caribs, who the Arabs remained in peace and contentment for a full century, until 1629, when the English attempted to colonize Santa Lucia. When for more than a century and a half, the little territory was given over to the ravages of the Caribs, and England; up to 1803, when the latter gained it "for good." During the long struggle for supremacy, thousands of the bravest soldiers of both countries perished miserably in its dark forests and noxious marshes. The Caribs, who were the most terrible serpent, the "iron lance," as by the ordinary fortunes of war. The world wondered at the time why England considered this small island worth such a tremendous expenditure of human life, to the loss of more money; and the way by local forces in these waters: "Within two short years I have captured two Spanish, one French and one Dutch Admiral." He held that San-

to Lucia, owing to its windward situation and incommensurable harbors, would render Martinique and the other islands in the neighborhood of little use in time of war, and that that use, as a naval supply base, might be supplied by other British possession on this side of the world, might receive timely succor. But the most important part of the admiralty's plan, that of making a permanent naval station at Little Carenage, with dock-yards and fortifications; and that a town should be built there by the government, and that the island be named the West Indian metropolis. Had the whole of Admiral Rodney's idea been carried out, it might have been better for San Domingo, and for the West Indies, if peaceful occupation by the English, the island is of no consequence to anybody, except as a coaling station for an occasional war-ship, and as a place for repairs. It must go into dock elsewhere.

The admirable Careage harbor, which was once strongly fortified and an important naval station, is now empty; and Castles, situated on the island, and the dirty ramshackle village celebrated for nothing but its deadly fevers, which at certain seasons of the year render the place uninhabitable to foreigners. Nature did her part nobly in making Santa Lucia a paradise for beauty and fertility; and all authorities agree that with good government and well-directed energy, the island might have been converted into a rich and thickly populated garden, up to the very tops of its moun-

Approaching from the southeast, the first thing that strikes the eye is that these two extraordinary mountains, the Pitons, towering straight up out of the sea, "like a donkey's ears," as the traditional sailors say, Coming to the twin peaks open outward, about a mile apart, and you see that they are obelisk, rather than mountains, 3,000 feet high, their rounded summits, like the tops of the twin peaks. Between them is the loveliest little blue bay in the world; and just behind rise forest-covered hills, one peering over the shoulder of the other, until you can see the chain of Le Soufrière. No words can do justice to the fantastic grandeur of the scene—to the crazy-looking peaks tossed about in a furious confusion, and the jagged, craggy, and ever-threatening, forbidding Soufrière. Black depths of cloud and grey sheets of rain shroud the central highlands in a gloom and sadness, while the ground glisters bright and clear in the blazing sunshine—all silhouetted against the bluest sea and sky this great round globe can show.

While all conical hills in the French

## THEIR SISTERS-IN-ARMS



EVA FLYNN  
LAVINA SCRIPTURE

A pretty surprise is in store for the Ninth United States infantry, when they return from the Philippines in August. The "Fighting Ninth," as the regiment is called, will pass through Syracuse, New York, and 32 young Syracuse women have formed a woman's auxiliary fighting Ninth, to welcome the warriors. The fair soldiers have perfected themselves in drills and parade and will give the returning heroes a pretty welcome.

islands are called "toms," you do not know what they are, but they are the Pits, par excellence. They have never been climbed—unless the following story, for which I cannot vouch, is true. It is told and believed by the islanders that in the year 1773 the name of Rodney's English sailors, about 60 of them, determined to scale the tallest column—a Piton being more than a hundred feet higher than the other. Using the rocks and the sides of the cliffs as ladders, they began the ascent, but they found the rock-ledges garrisoned by an enemy more to be dreaded than the whole French army, or the negro brigands of the forest. The first onslaught and perhaps the tropic sun had something to do with it, man after man dropped dead on some narrow shelf of rock, or rolled down the cliff to the sea. A few survivors reached the summit, a gay young lieutenant named Steele, who was seen to wave

the Union Jack in triumph above his head and then fail to rise no more.

Speaking of the abominable reptile, which the French named "Iron Snake" and the English call "rat-tail snake"—his scientific appellation is nearly as long as his body—he says, "It is a lanceolatus. He seems to cherish an implacable hatred toward man and beast, and not only lies in wait for human prey, but will go out of his way to murder. The rattler of the Southern States is a very playful serpent compared to him, for the former at least gives notice of his intention to strike, and his poison may generally be counteracted by prompt amputation and the use of a powerful antivenereal agent. In the fer-de-lance there is no antidote. The victim not only dies a horrible death within a few minutes, but decomposition follows, almost before the breath has left the body."

Dr. Sir Richard Schomburgk, in his "Travels in British Guiana," tells of a tragedy which he, himself witnessed.

hessed. A craspedocephalus coiled off a stone in the yard, and a man wailed himself to death, by stirring or letting himself be seen, and then struck the beautiful Indian bride, "Leibling der Ganzen Gesellschaft." She died in her bridegroom's arms with horrors unwritable, and within the hour the blackened flesh had dropped in mud. "I tell you," said the priest, "I tell you today in Santa Lucia that 40 grains of quinine, mixed with the juice of two lemons, if administered at once, will sometimes save life, but is likely to leave the victim paralyzed. Another remedy is to pass a piece of iron wire, by dint of heat, run; and after the hero dries a vapor bath. But the grim fact remains that nobody living can vouch for a cure, and so universal is the fear of the iron-dance, which lies along the branches of trees, ready to strike you passers-by, invade the cane fields and orchards, and even lurks in garden walks, that people living in the suburbs of the city seldom venture from their houses after night-fall. It is not so singular then, as at first appears to you, that the natives have a great, ugly-looking snake, about eight feet long, but perfectly harmless, which is the only living thing against which the fur-dance has no power. The snake's relative of our common water cobra is jet black, with more or less brilliant blue or green on the tail. In every house of Santa Lucia one is sure to be found, asleep in the thatch, coiled up in a corner, or perhaps sunning himself in the doorway, as much at home as a cow-dog, and the iron-cat in the earth. Should the pretentious dare to grow his headish, triangular shaped head near the territory of Mr. Cribbo, the latter instantly challenges his arch enemy to mortal combat, and invariably comes off victor-

Strange to say, the fur-de-lance is found in none of the West India islands except Santa Lucia, Martinique and Guadeloupe; and the mystery is how it ever came there, its nearest home being in Guiana on the coast of South America. If it is true, as some scientists insist, that these islands were once joined to the main continent, and that they traveled by land to the places he now infests in such numbers, why did it not travel to the islands of Trinidad, Guiana and Santa Lucia? Even Trinidad, only a few miles from the South American coast, is as innocent of them as Ireland was of snakes of any sort after St. Patrick's visit. For some unknown reason the freaky iron-lance remained in the islands of the Caribbean. The story goes that during the Carib war of 1765, the hard-pressed savages imported a lot of young fer-de-lances, from Santa Lucia into St. Vincent, and turned them loose, hoping that they would destroy the white men; but in a few days the fer-de-lances had perished. The experiment was several times repeated and the result was always the same. Yet in Santa Lucia they thrive so well and are so actively hostile to man that hundreds of people are killed by them every year and the phrase, "he died of the fer-de-lance" is commonly heard. "He died of the fer-de-lance" is a phrase which recently cleared a piece of land near Castries says that his workmen killed upwards of 40 "rat-tails" during the first week.

Santa Lucia is evidently of volcanic

origin, the whole island having a rugged and mountainous surface and several of the fantastic heights showing craters that have been active at a comparatively recent period. From one of them (the Soufriere) sulphurous vapours issue forth in such quantities that it rains sulphur enough, ready made, to keep the world in gunpowder for three generations to come. Some thirty years ago two Englishmen came over from Antigua, island and set up sulphur works on the mountain. They exported 550 tons the first year, and then the island sugar-planters took alarm, fearing that the new industry would divert labor from their estates. They caused the legislative council of the British West Indies to tax sixteen shillings sterling on every ton of purified sulphur; and the consequence was ruin to the sulphur miners, who had to abandon their works and ma-

The greater part of the island, mountains and all, is covered with dense and gloomy forest, but the valleys and lower heights are remarkably productive and well cultivated. The population of the island approximates 40,000, mostly French and negroes. Just why Santa Lucia should be so frightfully unsubsistent, amid all this beauty of vegetation, with its charming climate of eternal June, and its delicious breezes, is not apparent to the casual observer. It is probably traceable to the extreme rankness and rapid decay of vegetation. All the forests are set deep in noxious swamps, where nature, though in a beautiful, is dark, damp, and threatening, and where the stunted and winged and creeping thing is blood-thirsty. In any direction, within a few

rods of the cultivated spaces, you may plunge into the primeval wilderness, where a sunbeam, or a glimmer of a star, never penetrates; and the silence, unbroken by bird or beast, is so immense, unapproachable, it is like a sepulchre, and the intense beauty of the landscape makes it more so. Every day in these sombre forests is rainy. It was Moore, Abercrombie and the rest of the long war who, in France and England for possession of the French and the island. Every step was a weary, weary, climbing over fallen logs and sinking deep into slimy pools where snakes abounded. There was the few and the fer-de-lance, there was the few "Armees Francaises dans les bois," "the French armies in the woods." They were desperate were called. They who had been liberated by the revolution of 1792 and again enslaved by the English. Having massacred the English, the women and children, they took to the woods where they lived on wild-cush-cush roots, and the plums and English alike; and in turn being caught, it, when they were caught. After years of it, when she at last realized that she was paying a huge price for freedom, she offered the negroes a live for one, on condition that they give up the lives of the white men and live down their rat, to murder the white men and live down the bush; and were soon afterwards formed into a crack British regiment, and formed into the fight the battles of diplomatic Victoria on the coast of Africa, which soon made a glorious end of them.

FANNIE R. WADE



## Great Mistake

Many women are "down" on washing powders. They tried some, were dissatisfied, and claim that all powders are poor. This is wrong. PEARLINE is not like other powders. Test it for washing. Compare the soap paste made from PEARLINE with that made from any other soap powder or washing powder.

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<p>IN OUR</p> <p><b>Dress Goods Dept.</b></p> <p>EOLIENNES.</p> <p>The newest and most stylish of silks and wool summer dress material sheer and light weight, 45 in. wide regular price \$1.75, selling at, per yard—</p> <p><b>\$1.23</b></p>	<p><b>Hosiery Dept.</b></p> <p>120 dozen children's fast black seamless Bicycle Hose in sizes 6 to 10, made with extra strong reinforced knees, soles, heels, and toes, the kinds to stand the rough wear of vacation times. A good 25c grade for this week's special leader at—</p> <p><b>15 cents.</b></p>	<p><b>Underwear Dept.</b></p> <p>SPECIAL</p> <p>LADIES' PURE SILK VESTS, 50c GRADE AT 55c EACH.</p> <p>Ladies' sleeveless low neck vests in pink, blue, cream or white; all sizes, prettily trimmed in lace. The best 50c value, our special July bargain at—</p> <p><b>55 cents.</b></p>	<p><b>Underwear Dept.</b></p> <p>SPECIAL</p> <p>20c VEST AT 12½c.</p> <p>Ladies' white low neck, sleeveless Vest with taped neck and arm holes in all sizes, our 20c grade special for this week at—</p> <p><b>12½ cents.</b></p>	<p><b>Hosiery Dept.</b></p> <p>SPECIAL.</p> <p>Ladies' full, regular made, fast black fine Maco Cotton Hose with brown balbriggan foot or balbriggan sole in all sizes; the best 25c grade, on sale this week at—</p> <p><b>25 cents.</b></p>	<p>IN OUR</p> <p><b>Shoe Dept.</b></p> <p>Misses' Slippers, blacks and red, \$1.25 value, sizes 1½ to 2. Sale price—</p> <p><b>95 cents.</b></p>
<p>IN OUR</p> <p><b>Shoe Dept.</b></p> <p>Infants' Slippers. All colors, sizes 1 to 8, 85c value. Sale price—</p> <p><b>65 cents.</b></p>	<p>IN OUR</p> <p><b>Shoe Dept.</b></p> <p>Another delayed shipment of Misses' and Children's Slippers, blacks and colors. All on sale at CUT PRICES for this week—</p> <p>Infants' Slippers, sizes 1 to 8, .05c Childs' Slippers, sizes 8 1-2 to 11 85c Misses' Slippers, sizes 11 1-2 to 2 95c</p>	<p><b>Gents' Furnishings.</b></p> <p>Boys Sateen Shirts—Soft shirts with collars attached in a variety of shades, good 50c values, for this week, each—</p> <p><b>30 cents.</b></p>	<p><b>Gents' Furnishings.</b></p> <p>Men's Balbriggan Underwear—Light weight and good quality—nice and cool for summer wear, excellent 40c values. For this week a garment—</p> <p><b>25 cents.</b></p>	<p><b>Gents' Furnishings.</b></p> <p>Men's Golf Shirts—An excellent line of Shirts in a large variety of patterns and shades—plain or pleated fronts—regular \$1.00 values, all sizes. For this week at—</p> <p><b>55 cents.</b></p>	<p><b>Boys' Clothing.</b></p> <p>Boys' Sailor Suits—Good quality of flannel in navy blue, brown and oxford. Both collars and shields elegantly embroidered. Sizes for ages 3 to 9 years, regular \$2.50 values. For this week a suit—</p> <p><b>\$1.90</b></p>
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